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POETRY.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

Hard by the broad and dusty street,
Where maples throw a cooling shade,
And frequent tread of playful feet,
A bare and beaten way was made;
The school house standeth, old and rude,
And there a score of years hath stood.

The windows curtainless and bare,
Are marred with many a broken pane,
Until the shrill autumnal air,
Or wintry blast, beat through again;
And the rude benches and the walls
Are rough with uncouth cuts and scrawls.

The rill that bubbles sparkling by,
Has not a free unbroken flow;
Its floods, quaint, mimic mills supply,
And infant navies o'er it go;
And where it slumbers still and wide,
The boys in winter skate and slide.

And passing by the half-open door,
You hear the teacher, loud and clear,
Pouring his precepts evermore
Into the young and listless ear.
Patience and hope his lips attend,
And to his heart their sunshine lend.

A plain, contented man is he,
He burns no incense mean to fame;
'Tis his alike unmoved to be,
'Midst kindling flattery or blame:
A husbandman in mind's rich soil,
He deems it proud to delve and toil.

He loves to gaze on coming years,
And watch those buoyant spirits climb—
Frail creatures of his cares and fears—
High up the flame-paved mount of Time,
And think right hopefully to share
Their triumphs and their honors there.

Now at the golden wane of day,
O'erjoyed to hail their labors o'er,
The little legends wait for play,
Burst forth with frolic and uproar,
While down their mirth's Lotabian tide,
All thoughts of books and lessons glide.

Dearer than all earth's kingly halls
Thou, rough old school house, art to me;
Thy time-worn sides and crumbling walls
Hoard many a precious memory
Of that far past, when life was new,
Seasons were days, and dreams were true.

Not in high, pompous courts of State,
Proud freedom's land, thy hopes enshrine;
But where for life's great combat wait
Truth's armies, radiant and divine,
Time's mightiest destinies are wrought,
Where thy young, potent soul is taught.

Miscellaneous.

A PROFESSIONAL SCAR.

BY AN OLD LAWYER.

Your kind letter, Henry, came duly to hand, and you will be surprised to learn that a careless question of yours will draw forth enough to cover a sheet: 'What caused the scar on my temple?'
It is a professional scar, Harry; one that I have carried ever since my earliest practice; and although I have now arrived at a tolerable old age, and have many, many intimate friends, it is a singular fact that you are the first person that inquired into its origin. I can tell you all about it, but must avoid names and places, for the parties most interested in the incident are yet living, and I am under strong bonds of secrecy.
In the year —, after passing through a long examination before grave judges and shrewd barristers, I was pronounced a proper qualified person to appear before juries and courts for others as well as myself, and at once proceeded to a large southern city, where, by a modest little sign over the door of a modest little office, I announced my readiness to commence the practice of law. For three months I waited, but alas! no business came, and I sat in my own office on a dreary night, at about eleven o'clock, in this very comfortable position; money was gone entirely; my board bill was to be paid in the morning, and my rent the day following; and I absolutely feared to go to my boarding house, and waited in what seemed the forlorn hope that something in the way of a fee might appear, either dropping from the skies, or suddenly appearing on my desk. Outside, no step was heard, and as I occasionally glanced through my window, the flame of the street-light moved by the wind, would seemingly move me homeward; but I would not go. A footstep sounded in my entry; a second, and a third, and more; but so light that my heart-beating prevented my counting them, and then a little delicate knock. I expected to be instantly vis-a-vis with a young woman; the door opened, and I saw — an old one.
I had only time to move toward a chair, before she was in the centre of the room and speaking:

'I have not time to sit. Young man, you are a lawyer; are you good for anything?'

My insulted dignity was controlled by an effort, and I answered that I flattered myself that I possessed some talent for my profession, or I should not have chosen it.

'Well, well, no gas; can you draw a paper?'

Here again I ventured a remark, that it depended somewhat on its nature, but I saw from her impatient manner that she wanted no trifling. Before I finished the sentence, she interrupted me with a fierce, ness of manner exceeding her former rough one, saying:

'I want a will drawn; quick! hurriedly! but so strong that all the forces in hell can't undo it! Can you do it?'

And she fairly glared at me with impatience for my answer.

Now you know, Harry, that my legal education was obtained entirely in a surrogate's office, and you may presume that on law and forms of last wills and testaments I felt myself sufficiently posted up. I therefore assured her that I could draw a will which, although I could not warrant it to pass the ordeal she mentioned, would I was sure, be proof against all the lawyers in Christendom.

And now her manner changed from the fierce and bold to the anxious and hurried. 'Come, then, quick! quick! young man, and you shall pocket one thousand dollars for your night's work!' she exclaimed.

And, amazed and bewildered as I was, I found myself at the neighboring corner, stepping into a hack, before the startling but comfortable words, 'One thousand dollars for your night's work!' had ceased to ring in my ears. My conductress followed, and without orders we were rattled furiously along the street to the — House, then the largest hotel in the city. My visions of one thousand bright dollars kept my tongue bridled, and I was led in silence up two flights of stairs into a suite of rooms comprising a parlor and two bed rooms. The parlor, however, was occupied by a bed, in which lay an old and evidently dying man. A servant who was with him, but he left, upon a motion from the hand of my companion, who approached the bed and said:

'I have an attorney here, sir; shall he proceed?'

The old man's eyes brightened up, and, after glaring on me for a moment, he spoke:

'If you can draw a will, do it; quick, now, for I must save my breath.'

I turned to the table where I found paper, pen, ink and everything necessary; and by the light of two sperm candles in heavy silver candle sticks, I was soon busily engaged in the will.

I will not trouble you with the details, nor, in fact, do I remember them; but it is enough to say that a large amount of property, real and personal, bonds, mortgages, etc., were left, in the words of the will, to 'my good and faithful housekeeper, Angelina —, as a token of gratitude for her long, faithful, and meritorious services.'

But the concluding words of the will I shall never forget; they were written from his own mouth, and made me shudder as I wrote them. There was something — yet devilish — in thus deliberately recording, in what purports to be the last written wish, a curse upon your own offspring. And I felt, as I wrote it, an involuntary desire to tear the paper into fragments, and to rush from the room, but the thousand dollars were like so many anchors, and I staid and wrote:

'I leave to my daughter Dora all the satisfaction she can obtain from my hearty curse. When rags whip her about in her only home, the street, and dogs share with her the refuse of the gutter, she may regret that she disobeyed him who once loved her, but who, dying, cursed her.'

There was something like a chuckle in the direction of old Angelina as the dying wretch dictated these fearful words; but I looked and saw the stern face as rigid as marble. I concluded that I must have been mistaken. I could not, however, divest myself of a certain feeling that all was wrong. A rich old man, accompanied by an old housekeeper, and dying in a strange city; her anxiety to have this will so strong; the curse on his daughter, and the large fee, all conspired to make me feel that I was being instrumental in the accomplishment of some villainous object. Again I meditated the destruction of the paper, and again my fee and my wants conquered. The will was finished, and I read over aloud, the old man groaning, and the old woman looking on occasionally; but when I read the terrible curse a new actor appeared on the scene:

'Oh! tear it! tear it! Oh God you know not what you do!'

The plaintive tone of the voice touched my heart, even before my eyes beheld its owner; but when I saw her, heavens and earth! what an angel she was! The language is yet undiscovered, that is competent to give you a description of that face, the eyes dancing with excitement, yet liquid with tears; the mouth proud as Ju-

me to the door-way in which stood a man, not a lawyer, but still beautiful woman. Ser, Dora, said he, 'is not this our old friend?'

At the word 'Dora,' I started, and there before me, sure enough, stood the Dora of thirty years previous, still retaining many of her charms, but with the marks of time, notwithstanding, impressed upon her features.

You may well believe our re-union was most pleasant, and after dinner was over, and we were out enjoying the sea-breeze, the whole story was told me. I will not give you the details of it; it was long, but the main features of it were about what I had surmised. Dora was the only child of her wealthy father; her mother died when she was a mere child; old Angelina had remained with her father in the capacity of a housekeeper, and had, while Dora was away at school, acquired, as is generally the case, complete influence over him. Dora was wooed and won by a poor clerk; the father would not listen to it; an elopement was the consequence; and the old man in his rage broke up house-

keeping, and taking old Angelina with him, had started for the South. Dora followed him with her husband, although she knew he would not see her, and although he had always been harsh and unkind to her, yet she knew he was in the last stages of consumption, and she determined, if possible, to be with him when he died. At the time of his death they had been following him about a month from place to place, keeping concealed from him, and eluding even the keen eyes of Angelina. When Dora appeared in the room, it was only because the man servant, who had been with her father, and who, as you remember, left the room when I entered, had observed their arrival and had kindly gone to her and informed her that her father could not live an hour; she was entering the room to make one last effort at reconciliation, when my voice reading the fearful words of a father's curse caused the outcry and denouement. Her husband, who followed her in, found the old man dead, Dora in a swoon, me senseless, and old Angelina vainly trying to put the many pieces of the will together, raving and cursing like a bellicose. He and the man-servant put the old man's body into the bed, took Dora to her room, and while the servant kept guard over Angelina, he took me home in a carriage. The rest you know.

I have only to add that, whenever I wander north, either alone or with my wife and family, we always stop at the house of our kind friends. They have spent one winter with us at the south, and we expect them again the coming season. And the young gentleman who studied law under my instruction, and who now practices law with my name on the sign with his (as senior partner, although he does all the business), is Dora's son and from certain conscious looks and bright blushing on my pretty daughter's cheek when he calls, I imagine he may possibly be mine, too. But of this, Harry, rest assured—I shall not curse her if she marries him.

PURSUITS OF LITERARY MEN.—(Long-fellow, Porsival, Ware and Hitchcock are Professors, Kennedy, Fay, Hawthorne and Halleck, are office holders; Cheever, Bethune, Lee, Shelton, Chapin, Griswold, Huntington, Pierpont, Giles and Hedge are Divines, Bryant, Greeley, Prentice, Lester, Taylor, Leland, Matthews, Clark, Arthur, Saxe, Willis and Morris, are Editors. Read is an artist; Ik Marvel, Hoffman, Neal, Lunt, Hosmer, Smith, Ingersoll, Kimball and Dana are lawyers; Sprague is a clerk in a Boston bank. Conrad is a Judge; Irving, Prescott and Bancroft are men of letters, and have devoted themselves to Literature as a pursuit. Prof. Ingraham, the great blood and thunder Novelist, was formerly a professor of Painting, but is now, we believe, an Episcopal Minister at the South. Everett, Sumner and Palfrey, are Statesmen. Fields is the American Moxon. Geo. Copway, the celebrated Indian Author, is an Editor and Lecturer. Patton is a Major in the Army. Allston was an Artist, Cooper a lieutenant in the navy. Lippard, Clark, Poe and Rockwell, were Editors. Judd was a divine. Ward and Drake were physicians. Cotton was a Naval Chaplain, John Howard Payne, the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' was in early life an actor and dramatic writer. He was for a number of years Consul at Tunis.

'How seldom it happens,' said one friend to another, 'editors are bred to the business. Very,' replied the other, 'and have you not remarked how seldom the business is bread to the editors.'

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

The rose has its thorns, the diamond its speck, and the best men has his failings.

And then, without explanation, he drew

HORSE-TRADING.

'Good morning, Mr. Jones.'

'Good morning, Mr. Johnson, glad to see you. How are all the folks in your part of the country this morning?'

'Very well, thank you. Mr. Jones, I hear you have a very nice span of good horses which you would like to sell. How is it?'

'I have,' replied Jones, 'and a likelier span can't be found any where.'

'O, I presume not,' was the rather satirical response.

'Come in and see them Mr. Johnson—this way, sir, if you please,' and Jones opened the stable door where the horses were kept.

'Fine! very fine!' said Johnson. 'I suppose they are perfectly sound?' and he walked around the horses, and surveyed them for the twentieth time.

'Perfectly sound, I assure you,' said Jones.

'No heavens?'

'Not in the least.'

'Sprained?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, what is the least you can afford to sell them for?'

'Two hundred and fifty dollars.'

'Can't you take two hundred and forty five?'

'Can't, 'pon honor.'

'Well, then, I'll take them at two hundred and fifty.'

'Done.'

Johnson 'forked over the dust' and took the horses.

'But he was not long in discovering that one of his superb greys was troubled with the string-halt, and the other with something else quite as bad. Johnson was in a lowering position, and wrote letter after letter to Jones, but received no answer; so one day he called over to see him.

'Mr. Jones these horses are not sound!' were the first words that passed his lips.

'I can't help that,' replied Jones.

'But you must help it, and that quickly, or I'll take the law of you!' exclaimed Johnson, passionately.

'How much will you settle for, Mr. Johnson?—come, talk away!' said Jones, for it was his turn to be angry.

'Fifty dollars,' snapped Johnson.

'I'll give you twenty five.'

'Shan't do it!'

And home he went, chafing with rage, and was just starting over to Squire B's for a writ, when a man accosted him:

'Have you a pair of good horses which you would like to sell?'

'Yes sir, I have.'

'I believe I will look at them.'

'Walk this way, sir. There, sir, can you beat that?'

'Pretty well matched,' suggested the stranger. They are not entirely sound, are they?'

'Sound?' repeated Johnson, as if astonished at the question, 'yes, indeed, sir, they are sound in every respect.'

'I suppose, then, if I should buy them, you would not remember what you say now, but here are witnesses,' and the stranger looked keenly at Johnson.

They talked long and earnestly, but in spite of all Johnson's protestations, the stranger would not take the greys then.

In one week you shall hear from me, said the stranger.

'Box sixty-four,' said Johnson, at the Post Office. 'Jones hand-writing!' said he as he opened the letter which was handed to him; 'guess he has sent that fifty dollars along!'

But his illusion speedily vanished as he read:

'C—, Dec. 8, 18—.

Dear Sir—I regret exceedingly to have been forced to this; but as you told a particular friend of mine, Mr. N.—, that your horses were perfectly sound, I shall not take the trouble to settle with you.—Mr. N. will not have them!'

Yours, &c.,

DEXTER JONES.

'Two wrongs' did not make 'a right' in this case exactly—although at least one of the parties to this 'fair business transaction' will probably have the verdict recorded against him—

'Served him right.'

The ladies of Maryville, Ky., recently presented a pair of pantions to Miss Lucy Stone in due form: Miss Lucy accepted the pants, but says she would have done so with a much better will if they only had a man in them.

The Census-takers found great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of the girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in a neighboring county, there were found to be twelve girls between sixteen and eighteen years of age.

A quack doctor, in one of his handbills, says he could bring living witnesses to prove the efficacy of his nose rum, 'which is more,' says he, 'than others in my line can do.'

'Satan's finger.'—The judges on ten tell stories on the merits of the bar, about the merits of the subjects of a series of them. It is worth hearing one of the former. The judges, by the following anecdote:

An affray case was on trial in the Circuit Court of Pike County, in which some six or eight peace-breakers were represented by almost as many lawyers, each of whom, in turn put the only witness for the State through the tortures of a tedious examination.

Nat —, a well known Montgomery practitioner, was counsel for a big black fellow in the crowd, who answered to the name of Saltonstall. As to this defendant, the only proof which was elicited on the examination-in-chief of the witness for the prosecution, was that—lo use the peculiar phraseology of the narrator—'while the rest on 'em was cussin' and clinchin' and pairin' off for a regular ryal, Saltonstall jist kep sloshin' about.'

The Solicitor and Nat both construed this to mean that Saltonstall was only moving about drunk, among the combatants and the former did not press for an explanation.

Presently, however, it came Nat's turn to cross-examine for his client, and as he had received quite a handsome fee, he felt bound to make something of a demonstration. So, quoth he, with the air of the avenger of injured innocence:

'Come, witness, what had Mr. Saltonstall to do with this affair?'

'Saltonstall? Why, I've told you several times; the rest on 'em clinched and paired off, but Saltonstall, he jist kep sloshin' about.'

'Ah, my good fellow,' exclaimed Nat, quite testily, 'we want to know what that is. It isn't legal evidence in the shape you put it. Tell us what you mean by 'sloshin' about.'

'Well,' answered the witness, very deliberately, 'I'll try. You see, John Brewer and Sykes they clinched and fit—That's in legale form, ain't it?'

'Oh yes!' said Nat, 'go on.'

'Abney and Blackman then pitched in to one another, and Blackman bit off a piece of Abney's lip. That's legale, too, is it?'

'Foreed.'

'Simpson and Bill Stones and Murray was all together on the ground, a bitin', goug'in', and kickin' one another; that's legale, too, is it?'

'Very!—but go on.'

'And Saltonstall made it his business to walk back wards and forwards through the crowd, with a big stick in his hand, and knock down every loose man in the crowd as fast as he come to 'em! That's what I call sloshin' about!'

Nat's opinion, now, that, unless a prima facie case is made out by the prosecution, on the direct examination of their witnesses, it is quite as well for the defendant to waive his right to cross-examine.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect correctness the independence of solitude.

Contentment abides with truth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are; whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

They, who when about to marry, seek their happiness in the mere gaining of fortune, and personal beauty, evince a symptom of a heartless disposition, and their folly is often punished in their success.

Wealth, honor, and favor, may come upon a man by chance; but they may be cast upon him without so much as looking after them; but virtue is the work of industry and labor; and certainly it is worth the while to purchase that good which brings all others along with it.

'MOTHER, can't I go and have my daguerrotype taken?'

'No, my child, it isn't worth while.'

'Well, then, you might let me have a tooth pulled, I never go anywhere.'

The man who 'took a walk' the other day, brought it back again; but the next day he 'took a ride,' and has not been heard from.

Young physicians find it hard to get into business, but they will succeed if they only have 'patients.'

Mrs. Partington informs us that she intended the consort of the Female Cemetery last evening, and some of the songs were extricated with touching pythagorus, she declares the whole thing went off like a packenham shot, the young angel sang like a pack of angels just out of paradox. She only regrets that during the showers of applause she forgot her paragon.

Home-Made Guano.—A writer in the New England Farmer says: 'Some years ago, I thought I would try my luck in keeping a few hens. The house I kept them in is a rough concern. I put some crotches into the ground, boarded up outside and inside then filled in with sawdust to make it warm. It is well lighted with glass windows, and well ventilated, and a small stream of water runs through it. The roosts will accommodate about a hundred hens, that being the number I usually keep. Under the roost I throw three or four ox cart loads of dry duck, ship dirt, &c., which I haul over two or three times a week with my manure hook. I bury them in it, and make them work for a living, which gives them exercise in cold weather. In the spring I have a fine heap of home-made guano. If there is anything important that is better to make our crops grow, I am mistaken.'